

The Sketch

No. 821.—Vol. LXIV.

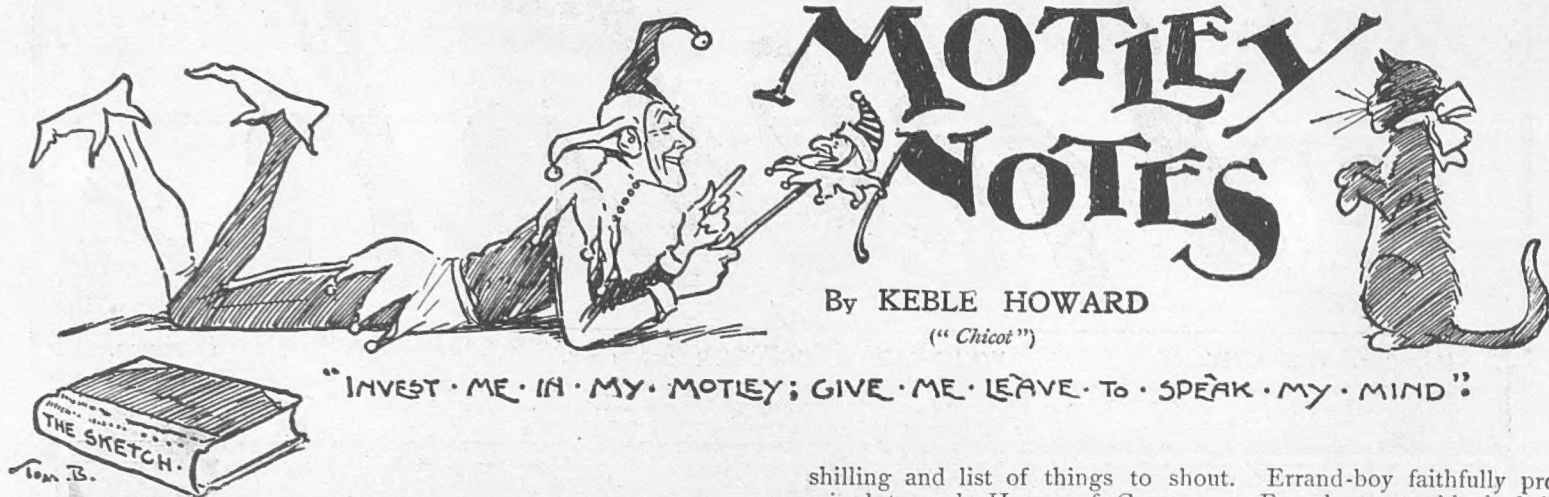
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE LUCKY OWNER OF YENTOI: LADY DE BATHE, WHO HAS JUST WON HER SECOND CESAREWITCH.

Lady de Bathe, then Mrs. Langtry, won her first Cesarewitch eleven years ago, with Merman. Yentoi won her second for her the other day, and, it is said, brought her a small fortune. Yentoi is a four-year-old chestnut colt by Santoi—Rot, and started at 100 to 6. Maud Mackintosh, another of Lady de Bathe's horses, won on three successive Saturdays this season.—[*Photograph by Lafayette.*]



THANKS to the courtesy of a correspondent, necessarily anonymous, I am enabled to set before you to-day, friend the reader, a human document of intense interest. Its psychological value at the present moment can hardly be over-estimated. With this brief preface, let me commend to your earnest and serious attention—

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A SUFFRAGETTE.

Sunday.

Perfect weather for agitating. Monstrous shame no mass meeting Still, went to church. Made decided hit with new hat. Thirty-eight inches from tail to tail. Circumference just on three yards. Literally overshadowed Liberal agent, who sat immediately in front. Feather caught in his hair. He whispered, "I can't kneel." "Do you ever kneel to your wife?" I hissed. Sermon very dull. No fire. All about meekness and forbearance and that old-fashioned clap-trap. Thought of several scathing retorts. Half made up mind to spring into aisle. Asked Tom if should. Tom shook head vigorously. Tom no fire. Going out, Liberal agent trod on my skirt. Malice. Told him so. Incited Tom to hit him in eye. Tom said Liberal agent nice fellow when let alone. Refused to let him alone. Refused to let anyone alone. Tom went out. Spent afternoon preparing passionate harangue on Woman's Rights. Offered to read it to Cook. Cook said preferred to go church. Cook no fire (Rather good that. Unintentional, but shall claim. Work it off on Tom. Prove brilliant woman.)

Monday.

Discovered large rent in petticoat. Must mend some day soon. Very busy collecting people to help rush House of Commons. Asked butcher. Butcher no fire. Shall deal elsewhere. Enthusiastic letter (lithographed) from Panky. Panky all over fire. Showed letter to errand-boy and asked him to help rush House of Commons. Boy asked for 'bus-fare. Gave him sixpence. Promised to be present. Errand-boy heaps of fire. Sign of times. Hope from rising generation. Made note to that effect and sent to Panky. No answer. Panky plenty of fire but very busy. Photograph for papers. Finished passionate harangue on Woman's Rights. Arranged to read it in evening to entire household. Cook said night out. Seized opportunity. Said quickly to Tom that Cook no fire. Tom very dull. Not worthy to be husband of brilliant woman. Said Cook all right if let alone. Asked scathingly if should let everybody alone. Tom said not bad idea. Laughed in face and ascended to nursery to read passionate harangue. Baby screamed. Nurse said put her to bed. Rebuked nurse. Said Baby every right to raise voice in public. Emma, the housemaid, much impressed by passionate harangue. Left room in tears. Said had been living in dream. Happy dream but still dream. Tom late home from club. Harangued him passionately till four. Understood him to say nice husband if let alone. Said might be alone sooner than expected. Tom incredulous. Shall show Tom have fire and am brilliant woman.

Tuesday.

Began day badly. Caught foot in petticoat which forgot to mend. Fell downstairs and smashed hat-rack. Heard cook laughing in kitchen. Sacked cook. Good cook but no intellect. Not worthy name of Woman. Light hand for pastry not everything in Life. Told her so. Cook had impertinence to quote silly doggerel. Whistling woman and crowing hen. Went upstairs whistling to show Cook not to be trifled with. Noticed loose stair-rod. Made mental note to tell Emma. Dressed for mob. Emma advised not to wear biggest hat. Harangued Emma passionately on self-sacrifice. Put on big hat. Practised struggling in it. Emma took part of policeman. Foolishly pushed me into wash-hand stand. Harangued Emma passionately on self-control. Emma in tears. Met errand-boy. Errand-boy said had lost 'bus-fare. Gave him

shilling and list of things to shout. Errand-boy faithfully promised to rush House of Commons. Found streets blocked by police. Harangued police passionately. Said not to be silly girl. Ill-bred crowd laughed. Saw errand-boy laughing. Must get new errand-boy and new Cook. Tom later than ever. Meant to harangue passionately but fell asleep. Dreamt about hat.

Wednesday.

Unfortunate accident to Tom. Tripped over loose stair-rod and plunged into hat-rack. Hat-rack now smithereens. Tom very angry. Asked why stair-rod loose. Said had soul above stair-rods, which have. Tom called Emma. Emma in tears. Splendid result of harangue on Woman's Rights. Tom asked Emma why stair-rod loose. Incited Emma to stand up to Tom. Emma said day of stooping all over. Extract from my harangue. Tom said in that case could take month's notice. Emma more tearful than ever. Must get new housemaid as well as new Cook and new errand-boy. Put on big hat and went out to distribute handbills. Met errand-boy. Told him perfidious wretch. Errand-boy said, "Yah! Silly girl!" and ran away. Struck at him with umbrella. Missed and hit small inoffensive girl. Mother of girl very angry. Delivered passionate harangue. Plenty of fire. Asked her to join Cause. Said unpleasant things about Cause. Threatened summons. Gave her sovereign. Took it. No self-respect. Went home to find Cook gone. Also Emma. Cooked nice little dinner self. Tom said beastly and went to club. Sat in front of glass wearing big hat and cried.

Thursday.

Woke up hungry, but determined. Tom fearfully late from club. Rang for tea. Emma gone. Left note to say should strike out career for self. Going on stage. Went down to kitchen to get tea. Saw blackbeetle. Nearly swooned. Called out for Tom. Tom said all own fault. Too hungry to deliver passionate harangue. Got in two charwomen. Addressed them for an hour on Woman's Rights. Charwomen most attentive. Sat through it without moving. Afterwards agreed that women were grossly ill-treated. Told scandalous stories about stinginess of neighbours. Not enough beer to help a woman through her work. Gave charwomen key of beer-barrel and copy of Panky's latest pamphlet. Left them to think over all-important question. Put on big hat and went out to break something. Came back to find house rifled. One charwoman missing. Other dead drunk on floor. Still grasping pamphlet. Enthusiastic but undisciplined.

Friday.

Not on speaking terms with Tom. Carried Baby about, and talked at him through Baby. Told Baby father bad man. All men bad men to women. Promised Baby she should not live in foolish dream. Baby cried. Congratulated her on appreciation of true facts. Tom said child hungry. Tried to take her from me. Fearful struggle. Baby screamed. Neighbour rushed in. Refused to struggle before neighbours. Let Tom have Baby. Delivered passionate harangue to neighbours. Not sympathetic. Neighbours no fire. No intellect. No soul above food, drink, clothes, and rent. Told them so. Tom explained no servants. House rifled. Children neglected. Furniture smashed. Women took pity on Tom. Shameless hussies. Hurling bundles of Panky's pamphlets at them. Put on big hat and left Tom for ever. Wired Panky martyr to Cause. Coming to sleep at office. Panky said no room. Better get arrested. Hit policeman with umbrella. Joy! Locked up at last.

Saturday.

Horrible degradation. Bailed out by Tom. Loathe Tom. No right to bail me out. Brilliant woman. Creature of Intellect. Delivered passionate harangue all way home. Tom suddenly blazed up. Said all damned nonsense. Eyes flashed. Looked quite young and handsome. Told me to get house straight and look sharp about it. Think, perhaps, after all. . . .

WOMAN, WOMAN EVERYWHERE, AND NOT ONE KNOWN TO SHRINK.



1. WOMAN IN WAITING: MRS. CARRIE NATION, THE AMERICAN REFORMER, KEEPING WATCH OUTSIDE MR. TAFT'S RESIDENCE.

2. "IF ONLY MR. TAFT WERE HERE!" MRS. CARRIE NATION "LETTING HERSELF GO."

3. WOMEN OF A COUNTRY WHOSE WOMEN ACT AS PACK-MULES: MONTENEGRIN BEAUTIES.

4. THE "PEEP-HOLE" WOMAN MAY NO LONGER USE: A LADY WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is one of the most militant reformers in America, and called great attention to herself by a habit of entering saloons and attempting to wreck them with an axe. She is now busily engaged on the Presidential campaign.—When Montenegrins are advancing against an enemy, the "Illustrated London News" reminded us the other day, women not only look after the pack-mules and the transport arrangements generally, but themselves do the work of pack-mules. In addition they form the Red Cross branch of the army. They are exceptionally strong.—The "peep-hole," through which Mrs. Symons was looking when she decided to break in upon the debate, is now forbidden to woman as the result of her action. It is on the left-hand side of the door leading to the debating chamber, and is reached by a step.

Photographs 1 and 2 by Thomson, 3 by Holland, and 4 by Hamilton.

NOT MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE'S TEAM.



SONS OF PROMINENT NEWPORTERS PLAYING A "FREAK" GAME OF BASEBALL.

In connection with these photographs of a number of young Newporters indulging in baseball while dressed as women, it is interesting to note that Miss Alexandra Carlisle has taken up baseball, a strenuous thing indeed for a representative of "The Mollusc." Miss Carlisle, who is making a big success in America, is a member of the New York "Giants" team.—(Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.)

A REGULAR ROYAL PRINCESS—FROM AMERICA.



MISS KATHERINE ELKINS, WHO, IT IS SAID, WILL MARRY THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI,
AND TAKE RANK AS A ROYAL PRINCESS.

Once again America is all excitement as to the supposed engagement of the Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, and Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of a well-known and wealthy Senator. It has been said that no engagement exists; that one did exist, but exists no longer; and that one still exists, but is denied by the family, as they do not wish to be bothered. It has also been reported, apparently on good authority, that not only will Miss Elkins marry the Duke, but that the King of Italy has given his consent, and will recognise his cousin's bride as a Royal Princess.—[Photograph by Scherl.]

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A £50,000 VANDYCK IN A PIPE:
AN OLD MASTER UNDER A MOTOR-CAR.
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



A PICTURE BY VANDYCK WHICH WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF ITALY CONCEALED IN AN IRON PIPE
FASTENED BENEATH A MOTOR-CAR.

The Vandyck here illustrated is now in the Widener Gallery, at Elkins Park, near Philadelphia. It was brought out of Italy rolled up in an iron pipe, which, fastened beneath the machine, passed as part of the mechanism of a motor-car.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



MR. LANCELOT GLADWIN, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS EDITH LINDSAY-HOGG TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mr. Gladwin is the son of Mr. F. Gladwin, of Seven Springs, Gloucestershire. The wedding was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and a number of politicians were among the invited guests.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

"A Poor Old Woman of Sixty-Four."

A case of poverty was lately brought to the notice of the Queen. Apropos, a cutting from a newspaper was shown to her Majesty, in which the distressed person was alluded to as "a poor old woman of sixty-four." The Queen opened her purse the wider for that phrase. "Why," she said, "that's a description of me. I in December shall be a poor old woman of sixty-four."

The Truth About Lord Curzon.

Lord Curzon, who has left Hackwood Park, his place in Hampshire, to stay with his father, Lord Scarsdale, at Kedleston Hall, near Derby (the hacks and scars of these names seem a little ominous!) has by no means recovered from the effects of his recent motor accident. The papers generally magnify these misadventures, but Lord Curzon's was a nastier upset than was commonly supposed or anywhere reported. Lord Curzon will probably take little part in the proceedings of Parliament this session; and



THE MAN WHO MAY HAVE REACHED THE NORTH POLE: DR. FREDERICK E. COOK.

Dr. Cook decided to make a one-man dash for the Pole in August of last year, at the conclusion of a hunting expedition in a ten-ton fishing schooner. In February he started north with a small party of Esquimaux, and one of the crew, Rudolph Franke. The two white men parted in March, and Franke has just reached New York. He says he is convinced that Dr. Cook has reached the Pole. Meantime a good deal of anxiety is felt concerning the daring explorer.

SMALL TALK

THE QUEEN loves many things in her Denmark life, and not least among them the quarter-hours she spends in second-hand furniture-shops. One of her great pleasures is taken in a certain bric-à-brac shop, which she enters as if an ordinary customer with an eye to a bargain. "Serendipity"—the serenity that was Horace Walpole's when he had a lucky dip, as it were—has always been the joy of collectors, and her Majesty, if usually denied it in London, is able to enjoy it to the full in Copenhagen.

"there is a hat come for you—an acre of black beaver! I have been much amused with it. *Le chapeau monstre* shall be sent as soon as a box is made large enough to hold it; I must then have one of the vans from Newmarket to carry it."

A Law of Life.

If the modern husband is more sensitive about his wife's hats than he is about those of other women of his acquaintance, he is only following a very well-understood law of life. How nervous is the schoolboy about his sister—never about the sister



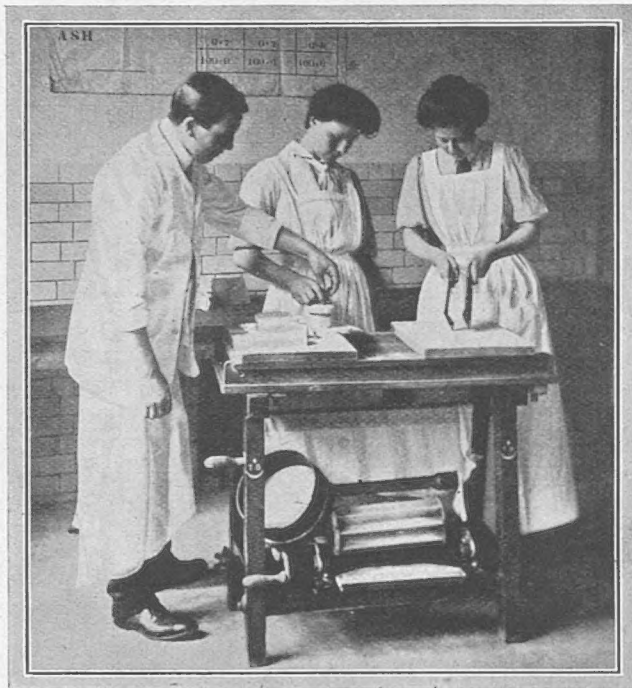
MRS. LANCELOT GLADWIN (FORMERLY MISS EDITH LINDSAY-HOGG), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Gladwin is the second daughter of Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, first Baronet, who was M.P. for the Southern and Eastbourne division of Sussex for six years, from 1900.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

of his schoolfellow! I have known fathers think their own pretty daughters plain, and the plain daughters of their neighbours pretty; and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff pathetically confessed to his friends that he passed his youth under the painful conviction that his mother was the very plainest of the Walpoles—and therefore, he said, of all women!

Name o' Jersey.

It was quite poetical justice that Lady Jersey should take a great interest in the trousseau of her daughter-in-law. If you bear the name of one of the nicest of garments ever knitted or woven you should at least have a kind acquaintance with all manner of clothes. Lady Jersey is herself very partial to jerseys, in this respect unlike Lord Brougham and Vaux, who rarely drove in the carriage that bears his best-known name. But then, you may think, he had responsibilities to his minor title; for once, when he came on foot to the House of Lords for the Opening of Parliament, and somebody asked



Lady Helen.

LADY HELEN GRIMSTON AS DAIRYMAID: LORD VERULAM'S ELDEST DAUGHTER LEARNING BUTTER-MAKING AT THE COUNTY COUNCIL DAIRY SCHOOL, CHELMSFORD.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde

if a certain amount of enforced rest puts him on good terms with his pen again, the library, which is usually said to suffer by the car, may in this particular case be the gainer.

Le Chapeau Monsire.

The very silvery-shiningest hat on all the church parade was *his*. *Hers* was the champion for size. They walked together, and the inevitable happened. The outer border of her beaver grazed his polished silk, and something besides his hat was ruffled. I commend to all lords inclined to be put out by the encroaching feminine hat of their ladies a charming letter written by "the proud" Duke of Somerset to his lovely young wife just seventy years ago. "Dearest Georgy," the tolerant husband wrote from town to his dear absentee at Maiden Bradley,

why he did not drive, the reply came handy: "Because he is Lord Brougham and *walks*."

"Pay, Pay, Pay."

Most of the officers of the Royal Household happen to be men younger than the King himself, but Sir Stanley Clarke, the new Paymaster, is his Majesty's senior by three or four years. Of old, Sir Stanley was private secretary to Queen Alexandra. Latterly he has been Clerk Marshal and Chief Equerry, and now he adds to his Chief Marshalling the post which the death of Sir Nigel Kingscote placed within the gift of the King. By far the most agreeable duty of the Paymaster of the Household is, it is needless to say, to pay himself his own salary of £1000 a year. The honorary Poet Laureate of the office is, of course, Mr. Rudyard Kipling.



TO MARRY LADY HELEN GRIMSTON: MR. FELIX CASSEL, K.C., L.C.C.

Mr. Cassel, who is a member of the London County Council for West St. Pancras, was born in 1860, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. Sir Ernest Cassel is his uncle. Lady Helen Grimston—who, by the way, is descended from Lord Bacon—is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Verulam, and was born in 1879. Two of her younger sisters, Lady Hermione and Lady Aline, are already married, the former to Lieutenant Bernard Buxton, R.N., and the latter to Mr. Geoffrey Arthur Barnett.—[Photograph by Russell.]

WOMAN'S WHIMS: FREAKISH FASHIONS.



REMARKABLE DRESSES FROM PARIS: SNAPSHOTS AT A FASHIONABLE RACE-MEETING.

The Directoire gown is by no means the only freak of fashion that is favoured this autumn, although it is the style that chiefly prevails. Other remarkable dresses and coats are here illustrated.

Photographs by Park, Tresca, and others.



MR. ALEXANDER CROSS, M.P., WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS AGNES JANE LAWRIE THE OTHER DAY.

Mr. Cross is the member for the Camlachie Division of Glasgow, and is the senior partner in a firm of seed-merchants and chemical manufacturers, as well as director of other industrial concerns. His hobbies are fishing and shooting.

Photograph by Lafayette.

than the Maltese at this time of year. The Princess's stay with Lord and Lady Beauchamp at Madresfield Court will be the more memorable to her as the first on which she had the attendance of a Lady-in-Waiting—Miss Adam, daughter of a former Governor of Madras. Madresfield is a Garden of Eden; and the Princess, whose engagements are no sooner rumoured than they are denied, is at least no longer an Adamless Eve.

A Venetian Hostess.

Lady Layard's palace and her parties are known to all visitors to Venice, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were delighted to break their journey to Malta in order to become her guests. There is no other place in Europe where it is so easy to linger agreeably; and the silence of its waterways becomes more and more a possession the louder the hoot of the motor is heard in all other places where men and women congregate for pleasure and traffic. Lady Layard is in her anecdote—a very entertaining one; and her reminiscences are all the more vivid for the many treasures and relics and curios her palace preserves. She has no quarrel with Lady Palmerston's old mot—"How kind it was of Nineveh to discover Layard!" Her quarrel is only with Nineveh for the honour of the discovery!

Lord Rip-van-Winkle.

Lord Ripon, despite his four-score years, retires into unofficial life by no means an invalid. In Yorkshire he will take his daily saunter on his domain at Studley Royal, and regret that Fountains Abbey is still a ruin; and will even, on occasion, shoulder his gun. In town he will take his constitutional on the Embankment, attend the House of Lords, and, on a Saturday, find himself in Farm Street. His political memory goes back to a speech which he heard Peel deliver in defence of his repeal of the Corn Laws. That was before he himself had a seat, and the experience is

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

WHILE the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are in residence at the

Palace in Malta, the Princess Patricia is to pay a round of visits in England—not because there is no room for her in the Palace, as is somewhere implied, but because the English climate suits her a great deal better

one of which he is probably the only surviving possessor. Now that voters are busily repealing

Peel, Lord Ripon, himself the least fickle of men, must have some remarkable Rip-van-Winkleish reflections to make on the instability of political popularities.

A Class of Three.

The Duchess of Norfolk,

as heiress to the barony of Herries, adds a third to the brace of women who are peeresses by marriage and peeresses in their own right—Lady Yarborough and Lady Powis. A barony is easily lost sight of beneath over-spreading strawberry-leaves, but the Duchess will do what she can to keep it in memory by signing her letters "Gwendolen Norfolk and Herries." In so doing she follows the precedent set by the late Mistress of Stafford House, who, when Queen Victoria created her a Countess, subscribed herself "Anne Sutherland and Cromartie."

This Age of Ours. "Men are as old as they feel, and women as old as they look." That is a familiar saying. The French even more mistily define that Madame is as old as her heart; and an English scientist says that a man is as old as his muscles. All this is very oracular, and does not help us very much to a definition of what age really is, a definition which, to tell the truth, varies with our own. When we are children we see about us Methuselahs

of twenty; and now, on the contrary, we are rather piqued to see in a leading article an allusion to Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Canada's "aged Prime Minister." Well, he is just sixty-four. He does not look even that. He has, some say, a young heart—Disraeli, a decade of years older, insisted on the juvenility of his own. As for Sir Wilfrid's muscles, they have proved themselves equal to the stiffest of electoral tussles. We do not like middling things; but we bargain that he be called, if not a young Prime Minister, at least no more than a middle-aged.

Lord Salisbury's New Neighbour.

Lord and Lady Yarborough are again to winter abroad, but their friends hope to see them return to London in the spring, despite the fact that they have let their house in Arlington Street for a whole year to that bold builder of businesses, Mr. Selfridge.



MRS. ALEXANDER CROSS, WHOSE WEDDING TO THE MEMBER FOR CAMLACHIE TOOK PLACE THE OTHER DAY.

Mrs. Cross is the daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Lawrie, shipbuilder, of Glasgow. The wedding took place quietly at Moffat, and the honeymoon is being spent at the Italian lakes. Miss Lawrie was given away by her brother, Dr. Macpherson Lawrie.

Photograph by Lafayette.



HIS MASONIC HIGHNESS, PRINCE RANJIT-SINHJI, JAM OF NAWANAGAR.

The Prince has just joined a number of royalties by turning Mason.

Photograph by Vandyk.



THE WEDDING OF THE KAISER'S FOURTH SON, PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN SONDERBURG-GLUCKSBURG, WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

The Kaiser's fourth son was born at Potsdam in January 1887. The royal bride was born in April of the same year, and is the second daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. She is a niece of the German Empress, and sister-in-law to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She has considerable skill as a miniature-painter. Prince August Wilhelm has the reputation of being the most studious of the German Emperor's sons, but for the next ten years at all events he will be in the army.—[Photograph by Voigt.]

CAN THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHDEACON COLLEY.

HOW ARCHDEACON COLLEY'S SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN.

I, ARCHDEACON COLLEY (Dio-Natal), Rector of Stockton, Rugby, took from a new pack of unopened quarter-plates (Sept. 17th last), three at haphazard, marked them, and casually placed them in two envelopes—one plate in a brown-paper envelope and two plates in a red envelope, which I by chance had with me—in a ruby-lighted photographic developing-room. I then wrapped the three quarter-plates in the two envelopes round with yellow paper, sealing them up together in one packet, which never from first to last for a moment left my hands. A medium friend (not a professional) then, as we sat at a small table in the gas-lighted parlour, placed his hands on and under my hands, while his wife placed her hands on and under her husband's hands in such a way that their hands never once touched the packet of the three quarter-plates I alone held between the right and left palms of my



scribe. But how written and imprinted I cannot tell. Those wiser than I am, with all my five- and -thirty years' experience in spiritualism, must solve the problem of the chemistry of the other life: my chief concern as a clergyman being to prove the continuity of life and the existence of another world just beyond our ken, and the survival of human personality athwart the grave.

THE WRITING ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE.

"My dear Co-worker and Friend,—It is years since my mortal presence was taken from you; although I may not be visible to you, I am often near you, more often than what you may think, trying to impress you in your desire to enlighten mankind regarding the future life. I have met many of my and your friends and comrades since I passed over—Dr. Sexton, Stainton Moses, Adshead, and that indefatigable champion, James



hands. My esteemed friend then in trance said he saw or was conscious of a face with a peculiar head-dress being produced on one of the quarter-plates. Then he said some writing was being done on the middle plate; and that on the plate held up by my and the other two hands below mine would be two faces. This I found even so as stated when I developed the three plates in order as I had placed them. For, calling on a friend to be with me and to witness my process of development, the first and third plate showed three recognised faces, the force of the word "also" in my transcript of the microscopic writing having reference to the two faces on the last quarter-plate. The middle quarter-plate seems to me to be the greater mystery, as I cannot think the disembodied friend who wrote the letter to me from the world beyond our range of vision could have compassed the archaic Greek itself as compassed round with the exact handwriting of letters written to me by him thirty years ago which I could show. The quarter-plate, therefore, in my hands between the other two quarter-plates must have been imprinted and written on by more than one discarnate



Burns, Dr. Slade, Epes-Sargent, Sergeant Cox, and many more that were known to us mutually and helped me with a kind word during the darkest days of my earth-existence, and when clouds of evil looked most threatening. Oh, those days of trial and darkness when the world seemed against me for teaching them the truth! We are often with you, trying to help you in your desire to enlighten man's darkness for his betterment. We have combined as a band in the spirit-spheres to help you bring comfort to the aching heart of those left sorrowing in the vale of tears. Could the masses but know the truth of Spirit-Communion, light would be the greater, for after-success would be ours in the ministration of God's own Angels to help and comfort instead of sorrowing for our absence as they do now. I must now conclude, my dearest friend, and may the blessing of our Father God and his bright Angels rest upon you for ever,

"F. W. Menck.

"J. B.[urns] and myself are trying to duplicate our faces also."

[The meaning of the word "also" would necessitate a very long explanation.]

Considerable interest has been shown in the spirit photographs exhibited by Archdeacon Colley at Manchester the other day. One photograph in particular (the one of the writing, reproduced at the bottom of this page) has called forth many comments. The wording of the message is also given on this page. Referring to the message in a letter to us, the Archdeacon says: "The Greek surrounded by the microscopic writing is the exact sort of the letters I yet have of a friend who departed this life over twenty years ago. It must have been a combination production, as my friend was hardly likely to have understood or to have written the Greek—even as other archaic Greek I have that was done when no Greek was known. . . . I have automatic writing by a working-man in France of Greek of over 1000 years B.C., as translated by the late well-known philologist, Dr. Krisch."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

"THE SWAY-BOAT"—"LADY EPPING'S LAW SUIT"—"FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM"—"THE LYONS MAIL."

MISS LENA ASHWELL'S new "discovery," Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby, has, in "The Sway-Boat," proved himself a dramatist with a fine sense of natural, vivid dialogue, who can handle situations effective and not too theatrical quite brilliantly, and is, above all, a man of ideas. It is a fault in the play that most of the ideas are used up in the first act, and the rest of the play is devoted to the situations; but whatever its faults may be, "The Sway-Boat" is an original piece of work, and in many respects provides Miss Lena Ashwell with a part in which she appears absolutely at her best. She is a lady who, after one dismal experiment in matrimony, has made another equally dismal, and, stung to defiance by an intolerable husband and mother-in-law, commits herself with a third man in a way which leaves death as the only comfortable conclusion. She is rather more brilliantly nervous and distraught than usual; she lies under cross-examination in the best manner of Mrs. Dane on her defence; and her death-scene (which is short, and ends off the stage) is played with a wonderful and moving power. The whole play is finely acted by everybody concerned; Mr. Dennis Eadie, for instance, gives a clever study of priggishness as the husband; Mr. C. M. Hallard plays quietly and sincerely as the young lover; Mr. Norman McKinnel manages to rouse sympathy while doing an unpleasant duty in the capacity of the lawyer who has to protect the family's good name, Master Philip Tonge is clever, as usual, in the part of a small boy; and if Miss Frances Ivor, who represents the mother-in-law, is somewhat exaggerated in her unpleasantness, that is one of the few faults which can be laid to the author's charge.

The construction of "Lady Epping's Law-Suit" suggests that Mr. Hubert Henry Davies has grown a little too confident and careless—not surprising this, when one considers how successful he has been. People appeared and disappeared in the piece in numbers without affecting its growth, leaving one puzzled as to why they were introduced, unless it were for the purpose of giving salaries to deserving players; and some of the "t's" were not crossed and some "i's" were left undotted. The result was a rather perplexing, moderately amusing farce, in which, as usual, the "smart set" gets a thumping. How fond our dramatists are of satire, yet are needlessly fearful that, if their satire is subtle, its point will be missed. The success of the piece—assuming that it enjoys success—will be due to the trial scene. The public loves trial scenes, probably because they love trials, and to see one condensed and altogether easy of comprehension is, of course, a treat. Shall we never have any other satire upon our Judges than that which consists of causing them to make many bad jokes and insist upon laughter? Perhaps the author considers it satirical to make his Judge show a bias in favour of the aristocrat against the playwright. This is weakened—indeed, destroyed—by the fact that the Judge is a personal friend of Lady Epping. Perhaps the truth of the matter

is that Mr. Davies set to work to write a Mary Moore part, and had sufficient belief in her powers to assume that, if he wrote her a good part, nothing else would matter very much. Certainly he has written her a very good part, but other things do matter. Lady Epping exhibits Miss Mary Moore at her best, and her admirers were delighted by her performance. None of the other many characters succeeded in making anything of a "hit"—no wonder.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem" looks like another instance of the dramatic tailoring and cutting now in fashion, for one may guess—I go no further—that the part of Fanny was written for Miss Fannie Ward; yet, if so, why was not some explanation of her American accent contrived? "Fanny" shows Mr. Jerome in a

frivolous mood, but he frivols rather laboriously; and the blue pencil is needed before the tale of Lady Bankstock, formerly variety artiste, who discovered that the twenty-three servants of the Bankstock family were closely related to her, is light enough. I wonder Mr. Jerome did not call his play "From the Halls to the Hall." No doubt a comedy could be written on such a situation; presumably Mr. Jerome prefers farce, and the audience would be on his side if the piece were brisker and shorter. Miss Ward was quite successful in catching the air of the music-hall artiste; and one sympathised with Uncle Bennet, the Butler, and the rest of the Bennet family in their unselfish efforts to make a lady of her and render her a credit to the family. Uncle Bennet, though played too slowly by Mr. Cartwright, caused



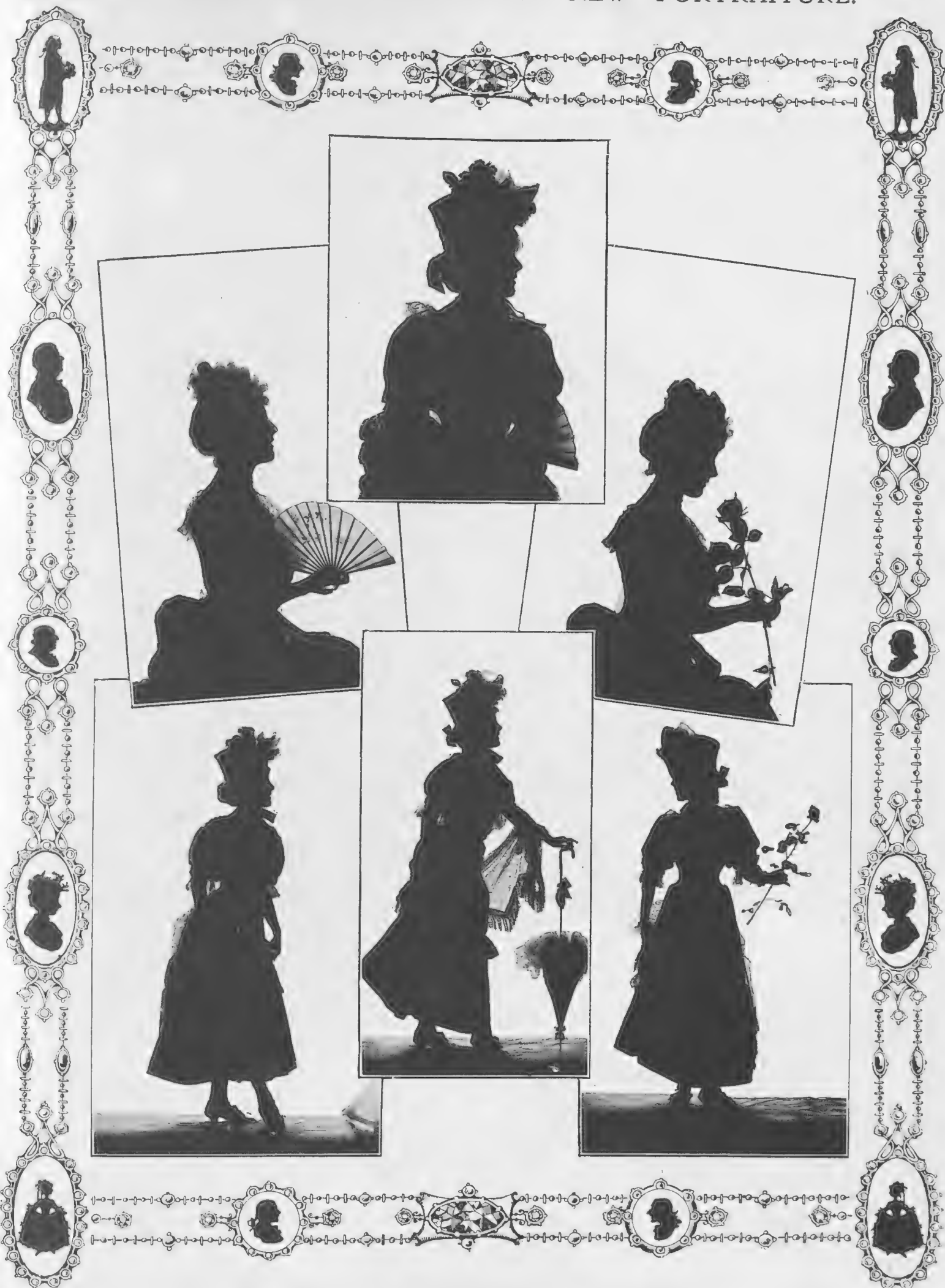
AS TOOLE WAS—IN TWO PIECES; MASTER BOBBIE ANDREWS AS HENRY ASHTON IN "THE LAST HEIR" AND AS IB IN "IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA."

Photographs by Lizzie Carwall Smith.

much amusement. There were some other excellent performances in the rather sketchily drawn parts; and praise may be given to Miss Alma Murray, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Measor, Mr. Leslie Faber, and Mr. Sugden.

The heartiest applause which I have heard this season was on the fall of the curtain upon "The Lyons Mail." It may be a pity that Mr. H. B. Irving should not offer a better play, but the audience seemed to think that better acting could not be offered. Certainly Mr. Irving's Lesurques and Dubosc are very clever and impressive—very much like his father's, no doubt: I think the resemblance intentional, and that he has deliberately, to the best of his memory, copied Sir Henry's rendering. One cannot be surprised or aggrieved by this. Indeed, it was good to see how successfully he caught the right style for the old play, and that he did not attempt to introduce a subtlety and delicate restraint that would have looked ill in it. So if you want a thrill go and see Lesurques when first aware he is suspected of murder, and Dubosc at bay. There is also a pathetic performance by Miss Dorothea Baird as Jeannette. Mr. Tyars is quite excellent as the old father, and Messrs. Dodsworth and Tom Reynolds get plenty of laughter from the queer ancient comic relief. It is well to be in time for the curtain-raiser, a strong little piece by Miss Cicely Hamilton excellently rendered by Miss Baird and Mr. George Silver.

FRETTED SILHOUETTES: THE NEW PORTRAITURE.



A DISTINCT IMPROVEMENT ON ITS PREDECESSOR: THE SILHOUETTE UP TO DATE.

The old-fashioned silhouette of the hard outline has disappeared, but there has come the fretted silhouette to take its place. Some examples of this we are able to illustrate.
It will be noticed that the solid black is relieved by halftones.

Photographs by Skowranek.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Who Goes There?

It is not surprising that affairs in the Near East should set the nerves of the secret police on the jump and cause many a guileless man to be regarded as a spy. In crises such as these, the many innocent suffer for the wily few. Where to find the latter is the difficulty. That was exactly the trouble with our Intelligence Department in South Africa. "Find the woman," say the French, when every prospect puzzles. An English sentry found her one dark night when the war was at its height, and he did not know the nature of his find. He little guessed that she was the daughter of a Boer General in the field and kinswoman of two-score other tough fellows in arms against us. She was speeding out on her bicycle, late at night, through the British lines. It was pitch-dark, and she had no light. Suddenly a sharp voice cried, "Who goes there?" She tumbled from her machine and awaited developments.

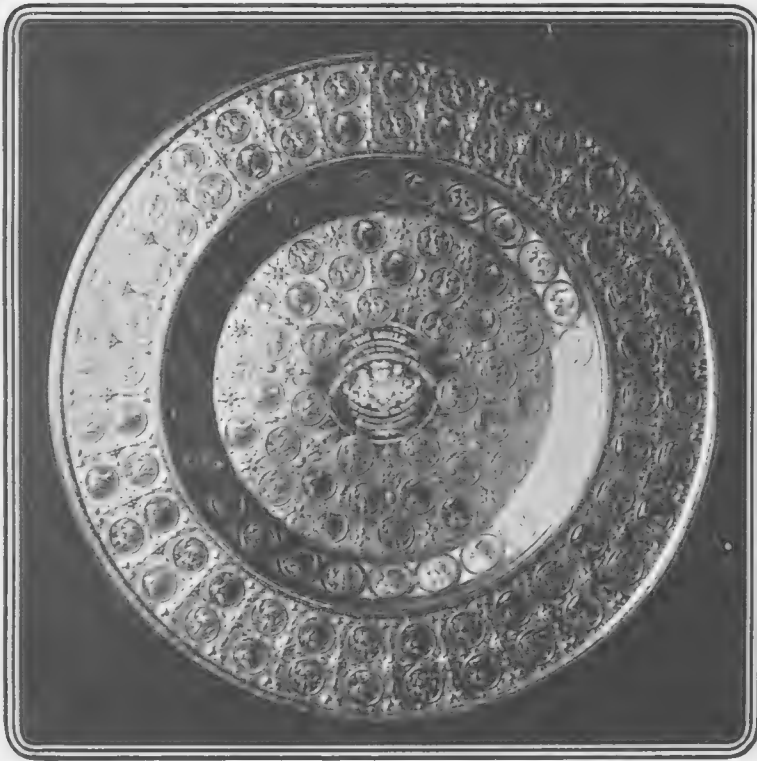
A Woman's Wit.

Tommy Atkins came up at a double and flashed the light of his lantern upon her face, and put the regulation questions. "You're not an Englishman," she replied with sublime inconsequence. "Oh, yes, but I am," protested Thomas. "Indeed, that you cannot be, for

one of them happily digging up one of the corridors. "But there are no drains in this part of the building, my man," he said. "I know, Sir; I'm only obeying orders," was the answer. When half the drains had come up and been replaced, they traced the odour to its source. A clerk had been taking out bound volumes of the *Times* from their rack, and the cat, alarmed at such a display of energy, had plunged into the vacant space. The *Times* came back, but the cat did not; it was walled in by this substantial literature, and only its mummy remained when next the volumes were brought out.

The Man in the Iron Cage.

When Sir Robert Hart was receiving the freedom of Taunton the other day, his audience must have wished that he would tell them something of his experiences, as Sir George Trevelyan told the publishers of *his*. There was one man in the Chinese Customs of whom we would all willingly hear. He was a notable figure in China even before Sir Robert's day. It was the late M. Piry, the father of the Chinese Customs, as he was called. No man ever entered the Celestial Kingdom under more remarkable conditions. He followed the sea in his youth, and was wrecked on the Korean coast. The natives who found him sent him, as a rare curiosity, to



DECORATIONS AS A WALL-DECORATION: UNCLAIMED WAR MEDALS MADE INTO A SHIELD.

The shield, which is the property of Greenwich Hospital, was made, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, from those war medals of deceased in-pensioners of the hospital that were not claimed by the men's relatives. A hundred and twenty-five silver medals went to the making of the trophy, which weighs 138 ounces 9 pennyweights.

the English always behave as gentlemen to women," she said. "I beg your pardon," answered the puzzled warrior. "Well, if you are an Englishman you will be good enough to light my bicycle-lamp," she continued. He did light her lamp; moreover, he carefully adjusted for her an innocent-looking little book strapped to her handle-bars. She popped on to her machine, gratefully bade him good night, and vanished. In the book on the handle-bar was an important despatch for the Boers. She delivered it at a prearranged spot. Next night the Boers burst in and drove off a great number of cattle which one of Kitchener's columns had laboriously brought within the British lines. All England wondered how these things could be. The sentry might have had the secret had he detained his fair prisoner and peeped into the volume on the handle-bar.

Moving with the "Times."

The War Office cat is dead, and long reports in the dailies have told us all about it. That was the cat, they say, which was discussed in Parliament when War Office estimates were under review. If any ill befall the Territorial broth, the War Office cooks must have another cat to blame. Let us hope that this one has by this time been well and truly buried. The Foreign Office will, upon consultation, assuredly back up this advice. They once had a cat of their own. It vanished, and presently, where that cat was wont to roam, a deadly effluvium pervaded the atmosphere. "Drains," said an official, and forthwith summoned excavators. Somebody found

their Sovereign. The latter, anxious to placate the Emperor of China with a strange and curious gift, stuffed the worthy Frenchman into an iron cage and sent him up to Peking. There Piry was detained for some time, until the Chinese Emperor tired of him, let him out of his cage, and sent him down to the foreign Consuls at Shanghai. They gave him a post in the newly established Customs, which he retained until his death the other year.

Strangers Within the Gates.

Official figures show that the number of foreigners attracted to England this summer has not been quite so large as newspaper references to the White City would have us believe. Still, the total has been exceptionally large, and never has a foreign legion been more welcome. The case was very different when our centenarians were in the nursery. We had so many foreigners on hand that, like the old lady who lived in a shoe, we did not know what to do. We went in great fear of foreigners within our gates. We made them register themselves and abodes within eighteen days. But there were others for whom these regulations had no meaning. Our jails were choked with French prisoners of war. One at Plymouth alone had nearly three thousand of them. We were expecting invasion, and the wonder was what these desperadoes would do when the crisis became acute. We decided that they should be immured in the mines of the country—not those which were in working order, but those which were spent, isolated, and deserted.

Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



VII.—THE ALWAYS LATE-ITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



COULD the public look into the letter-boxes of the popular actors, they would often be amused at the strange communications which are to be found from time to time. A striking instance of this is furnished by a letter recently received by Mr. Lewis Waller from a gentleman who had, a day or two before, seen the performance of "The Duke's Motto," which is drawing such splendid houses that it will in all probability be long before the bill is changed. The gentleman expressed his delight with the play and the acting, but took serious exception to the fact that, although Mr. Waller talked of the moat being thirty feet deep, yet, when he was dropping into it, he was only suspended by a scarf which seemed to be about six or seven feet long. To remedy this unrealistic effect, as he alleged it was, he suggested that the popular actor-manager should have a much wider scarf, split it down the centre, and use it for descent. It would probably astonish the gentleman to know that on the first night the rope was heightened to make Mr. Waller's drop longer, without his being informed of it. When Mr. Waller did fall, he dropped on his thigh, and hurt himself so badly that "he nearly ended in a jelly," as he says in the text of his part.

By the way, it is an interesting fact that a record on which Mr. Waller particularly prides himself has been "broken" quite incorrectly. During all the years he has been on the stage he has never (*absit omen*) been away from a performance. Less than a couple of weeks ago it was announced in one paper, and copied in several others, that in consequence of a sudden attack of laryngitis he had been out of the bill for a Saturday matinée and evening performance. It is true that Mr. Waller did have a bad sore throat, but it is quite untrue, that he was out of the bill. He played both performances, although he was hoarse, and then he went to Brighton for the week-end. His extraordinary vitality enabled him to throw off the inflammation in the course of twenty-four hours, and on the Monday he was bathing in the sea before breakfast and playing a round of golf after. Then he motored up to London, and his voice that night was as clear and ringing as the traditional bell. As Mr. Waller is so great a favourite that the public might stay away from the theatre if there were any chance of his not playing, *The Sketch* has much pleasure in drawing attention to Mr. Waller's record and correcting the unfortunate blunder.

Mr. Robert Atkins, who is one of the most enthusiastic of the younger members of the company at His Majesty's—in which he has been engaged for nearly three years, since he distinguished himself at Mr. Tree's dramatic school—is to be the theatrical Benedick of the week, for on Saturday next (24th inst.) he and Miss Mary Sumner are to be married at the Kentish Town Catholic Church. Although he has not played leading parts in the regular way with Mr. Tree in London, he has been entrusted with them in the provinces,

where he has acted Julius Caesar with success. On one occasion, at His Majesty's, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Basil Gill, he played Brutus to the Mark Antony of Mr. Tree at six hours' notice, and in that time he had to study about three-quarters of the part. For various workmen's institutes he has often

played some of the other leading Shakespearean parts. Not long ago he got up a performance of "Macbeth," and played the title-part himself, most of the other characters being taken by the younger members at His Majesty's. An amusing incident, which shows the value of the point of view, occurred on this occasion. In the last act he wore greaves of chain-mail. When, snatching the armour from the hands of Seyton, he flung it from him, and bade his attendant bring it after him, a woman's voice in the audience exclaimed: "It ain't armour at all; it's like a bit of veiling!"

Miss Sumner has played several parts with Mr. Tree, for she followed Miss Marie Löhr as Rosie Mackenzie in "The Newcomes," not only on Mr. Tree's own tour, but also during the revival at His Majesty's; and she has followed Miss Augarde as Rosa Budd in "Edwin Drood." She has played with Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Bouchier; and, in addition to her ability as an actress, she is a very clever dancer.

Attention has been drawn on this page to the way in which ludicrous mistakes made by actors pass unnoticed by the audience. A striking incident of this kind once occurred to Miss Fortescue, who has made a welcome reappearance with Sir Charles Wyndham in "Bellamy the Magnificent" at the New Theatre. She was playing in a poetical drama in which the hero and heroine have been separated for some years, and the former returns home and prays to be forgiven. In the course of his prayer he has to say—

Of all the starving crowds thy hands
have fed,
Never one wretch so famine-worn
as I.

For fifty nights and more Miss Fortescue, who was playing the heroine, heard her erring lover speak the pathetic lines, which never failed to draw a sympathetic sigh from the audience. Then, one night, by a strange slip of the tongue, which comes at sudden and altogether inexplicable times to the most careful and collected actor, she heard—

(Of all the starving *crows* thy *hens*
have fed,
Never one wretch so famine-worn
as I.

The moment the actor had spoken the unaccustomed words he became aware of the fact, and looked up at Miss Fortescue, expecting to see that the unfortunate blunder had taken her out of her part and transformed her, for the moment, into herself. In this, however, he was mistaken, for she was as serious outwardly as ever, and as tenderly sympathetic as if the lines had had their usual ring. Her attitude transferred itself to the audience, for not a single titter was heard, and the blunder passed unnoticed.



IN A CURTAIN-RAISER TO SHAW: MISS HELEN ROUS AS MRS. MIDDEN IN "THE CONVICT ON THE HEARTH."

"The Convict on the Hearth" is being played before "Man and Superman" by the company that is now introducing Shaw to the suburbs. [Photograph by Marie Leon.]

Charles Wyndham in "Bellamy the Magnificent" at the New Theatre. She was playing in a poetical drama in which the hero



SHAW IN THE SUBURBS: MISS HELEN ROUS AS MRS. WHITEFIELD IN "MAN AND SUPERMAN."

Mr. Granville Barker is on tour with a number of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays. Last week at the Coronet the company appeared in "Man and Superman." This week they are playing "Arms and the Man."—[Photograph by Marie Leon.]

TOUCH WOOD !



“UNBERUFEN!” ANOTHER SUPERSTITION UPSET.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SOMEBODY remarked to me the other day on the number of the memoirs, reminiscences, and so forth which are now appearing. But a large number of them always was appearing. Everybody of eminence and sixty years or so writes his reminiscences, and many a body neither of eminence nor sixty; and why not? Some people write them more than once, like Mr. George Russell and Sir Algernon West. I have thought sometimes of writing my own, but have reflected that the lives of literary persons are not interesting or amusing as a rule. When one thinks of it, indeed, it is difficult to remember any literary folk whose lives make much of a story, unless those who lived in opposition to their society, like Byron and Shelley, or those of exaggerated or abnormal temperament, like Alfred de Musset or George Sand or Rochester. Men of wayward natures and strange courses may be interesting, of course, whatever their callings. But whereas in politics, diplomacy, travel, and so forth quite normal men may lead lives which are full of incident and attraction, the normal man who is a writer just pays his rent or doesn't, and works eight hours a day or eight hours a month, and marries or remains a bachelor, and so perishes. That is, if a normal man can really be such a fool as to adopt writing for a profession in these days—but we mustn't quibble. In any case, Mr. Hall Caine, who has just published "My Story" (Heinemann), does not seem to have had an exciting time of it. He knew one great man intimately in the last sad years of that great man's life, and came across other great men—*voilà tout*. A fine writer may make a good book out of nothing, but that is another matter: "which I don't say he don't and I don't say he does, mind you"—I quote Harry Foker—in Mr. Hall Caine's case.

I am inclined to think that women write better autobiographies than men. They do the modest approach, the "May-I-come-in?" business so much more prettily than we. Their scores off their acquaintances are so much more agreeable to read of, for you feel that their acquaintances minded much less than if they had been men. Take "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill, by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West" (Arnold), for example—the title reads oddly,

though it is quite correct. She asked Mr. Bernard Shaw to luncheon, and he replied, "Certainly not; how dare you? Don't you know my habits?" or words to that effect, whereupon she wired that she hoped his habits were better than his manners—with complete justification, as it seems to me. Had she been a man, that would probably have ended their acquaintance, and we should be left feeling uncomfortable.

would have been more about Lord Randolph. His private, social life was—inevitably—but slightly indicated in the truly admirable account of his public career written by his son, and the deficiency is not made up by his widow. That also was perhaps inevitable; we must wait for the more intimate story, which even Lord Rosebery, who might had he thought fit, has not given us. No doubt it will be written some day, for that brilliant, tragic figure can hardly fade from our interest.

Another point about women's autobiographies is that they are a thousand times less egotistical and personally anecdotal in their ordinary talk than men, so that their books come a great deal more freshly upon their friends. If you happen to know at all well an old man who writes his reminiscences, or even a middle-aged man, it is odds that you will have heard all his stories and experiences already. But I would wager

that Miss Ellen Terry's friends have not heard a quarter of the book she has just given us. A charming book? But of course; how could it not be? My faith in humanity would have been completely destroyed if Miss Terry had written a book about herself and it had not been one of the most fascinating in the world. When writers use such an adjective as "adorable" about a living woman, one is apt to think that, however sincere, it is something the other side of impertinence. But in Miss Terry's case they are amply excused. It would make it worth while to be twenty years older than she is now to have known her in her youth, when no young man could have rightly appreciated her, I am sure. There are no regrets in her book, and naturally, for her full and brilliant life. Yet it is one of mine that there was no modern drama in England for a genius so modern and so alive. Mr. Shaw has said the same thing, I believe: his plays should have come earlier.

I have watched with great interest the literary career of Mr. Frank Richardson. His two first novels—"The King's Counsel" and "Semi-Society"—were exceedingly promising, being full of fresh observation and a genuine understanding of his subjects—the Bar, and a kind of society to me rather odious, but emphatically existing "in our midst." Since then he has written several amusing books. I have enjoyed them—I like jokes about whiskers as much as anyone—but they did not intensify and develop the qualities I have mentioned. Now, as I always hoped he would, he has gone back, and has written a novel—"The Other Man's Wife" (Nash)—which is comparable to the earlier ones. The observation of manners and habits—in the same spheres—is extremely good; better, I think, than the study of passion which is the professed theme. I hope Mr. Richardson will continue in this way.—N. O. I.



A NOVELIST AND HIS WIFE WHO HAVE BEEN IN DANGER FROM CANNIBALS: MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON.

Mr. London and his wife were cruising in the Pacific when their yacht had to be laid up for repairs. The novelist and his wife then boarded a labour-recruiting vessel, and later were wrecked on the Malua Reef, which is close to the cannibal island Malaita. Mr. and Mrs. London were on the reef for two days and two nights, and for the whole of that time were surrounded by the canoes of the man-eaters. Careful watch was kept, however, and no harm came to the crew of the wrecked vessel.

Photograph by the Boston Photo News Co.

able about it; but since she was a woman, Mr. Shaw very properly wrote her an amusing letter of explanation. Her book contains any amount of characteristic stories about the great ones of the earth, and of pertinent comment on them. What I should have liked



ONE OF "TWO DIANAS IN ALASKA": MISS AGNES HERBERT IN NATIVE PARKA DRESS.

The book "Two Dianias in Alaska," which has just been published by Mr. John Lane, is by Agnes Herbert and A. Shikari.

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CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—VIII.



J MAC
WILSON

THE VICTOR: There! Now you ought to be satisfied. You said you was looking for a fight!
CANNY CANUTE (the vanquished): Y—e—s, but I only wanted to watch it from a distance.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE. ❖ BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN AND E. W. MARTIN.

"CHLOROFORM!" said Mr. William Stubbs, with a bitter sneer. "Ho, yes, chloroform!"

I expressed some surprise at his tone. Even the pint of ale which he was imbibing at my expense failed to soften it. Yet surely my inquiry had been an innocent one. Mr. Stubbs had referred to an old fracture of the leg, and I had asked if an anæsthetic had been employed during its setting.

"Don't talk to me abaht chloroform," he said again, taking a morose pull at the pint-pot.

"You didn't like it, then?" I inquired.

He paused and eyed me furtively, as though making up his mind to a story. Noting his hesitation, I ordered more beer. His eye became more friendly.

"You're a gentleman," he said, "and I don't mind telling you. It ain't the stuff itself as I objects to. It's the silly idiots who write about it in plays and stories, and such-like. They do a deal of harm. They done a deal of harm to me.

"I don't mind telling you," he repeated, "and it's this way. I'm a 'ard-working man, I am, and though I say it, there ain't a better man in my line. From a wipe to a watch, I can nick it from a bloke's pocket, without his knowing, as well as any cove I knows. A swell like you may not think that that's a proper sort of way to get your living, but I looks at it different. I'm a bit of a Socialist, I am; and when I sees all as the rich have, and as they've robbed from poor folk like me, I don't see no 'arm in getting a bit of my own back."

He stared at me defiantly, and for the sake of his tale I forbore to interrupt.

"As I were saying," he went on, "I'm reckoned a neat 'and. But the competition in the profession is something dreadful, and if a man wants to do well at it he ought to be up to all sorts of dodges. Now, a bit over a year ago I were always looking out for something new. I believed in the happlication of science, I did. I don't now. It were the happlication of science wot did for me.

"One night, when I were in the gallery of the Hoxton Theatre, I seed something on the stage that interested me very much. A bloke in the play had got some papers that another bloke wanted. And how do you think the second bloke got 'em? Why, 'e took out a bottle of chloroform and poured it on a wipe and waved it under the first bloke's nose; and in a jiffy the first bloke were asleep and the second bloke 'ad the papers.

"I turned to Bob Slack, as was with me. 'Wot do you think of that, Bob?' I says. 'If the stuff acts like that, you and me could find a use for it. All as you've got to do is to find a railway-carriage with a fat old City gent in it, get in with im, wave a wipe full of the stuff under his smeller, and go through 'is pockets while 'e 'as a balmy sleep. Nip out at the next stop, and be snug in a pub by the time as they comes to find 'im. It's a blooming gold-mine.'

"Bob, 'e were as struck as me.

"'It looks a bit of all right,' 'e says; 'but 'ow are we to get the stuff?'

"All the next day we was thinking of it, and at last I got the idea.

"'We'll both 'ave a try for it,' I says; 'you go to the 'orspital and say as you've a pain in the stomach. While you're there 'ave a look round and pinch some if you gets a chance. I'll try the toothache game on the chemists.'

"Next morning we separated, and I didn't see him again till evening. When I did see 'im 'e looked shocking bad and very cross, and I 'ad to stand 'im a couple of arf-pints before 'e'd say a word. And when 'e did say a few words, I 'ad to stand 'im another to stop 'im. When 'e got a bit quiet 'e told me wot 'ad 'appened to 'im.

"'E'd been to the 'orspital—St. Mary's, it were—and 'e'd walked in as bold as brass. 'E asked to see the doctor, and 'e waited. There were a lot of bottles in the room where 'e were waiting, and 'e looked out sharp for chloroform, but he couldn't see any. While 'e were looking a young doctor feller came in and looked at 'is tongue, and asked 'im what was the matter with 'im.

"'I've a pain in my stomach,' says Bob.

"'You've too much whisky in your stomach,' says the doctor, sniffing, suspicious like; 'come this way.'

"Bob followed 'im, hoping as there'd be some chloroform in the room where 'e were going. But there wasn't. There were a couch and two porters; and before Bob knew wot was 'appening to 'im, they'd got 'im down on the couch and the doctor feller were shoving a tube down 'is throat. Bob fought as best 'e could, but 'e couldn't do nothing against three of them. They got the tube down 'im and poured some stuff into 'im as 'e thinks were water; very cold it were, and dangerous to a man like 'im as wasn't used to it. And then they pumped it out of 'im again and takes the tube out and lets 'im up.

"'You'll do now,' says the doctor, smiling at 'im.

"'I'll do for you,' says Bob, and 'e made a rush at 'im. But the porters grabbed 'im by the neck and the arms, and in two twos 'e found himself out in the street, feeling very empty and cold under 'is waistcoat.

"When I asked 'im if 'e meant to 'ave another try, 'e called me all the names 'e could lay 'is tongue to. And 'e weren't better pleased when I told 'im as I was only kidding 'im, and that I'd got the stuff myself. I 'ad got it too. I pinched some off the counter of a chemist's shop while 'e went for some toothache stuff. It were nice and handy, and I were out of the shop long before 'e'd got back.

"It were only when I showed Bob the stuff that 'e cheered up. We spent the rest of the evening planning 'ow we should work the game. Wot with 'aving 'ad so many drinks, we'd only a couple o' bob left between us, and that meant that only one of us could go in the train. Me 'aving the stuff, it was settled that I should do the trick. I were to go down to Ealing, where the nice fat City gents live, and 'ang about the station till I seed one alone in a fust-class carriage. The train takes twenty minutes to get to Westbourne Park, and as I'd seen as the stuff acted as quickly as a smack in the eye, I calculated that I'd 'ave plenty of time to shove 'im under the seat and nip up the steps before they found 'im. Bill was to meet me at a little public-'ouse we knew of, and we was to share, fair and square, like honest pals.

"Next day I went down to Ealing and watched the trains. Two of them was too full for me, and I 'ad to let them go past. At last I seed the very thing I wanted—a nice fat old gentleman in a fust-class carriage, with a white waistcoat and a bag and a heavy gold watch-chain—very 'andsome. I waited until the train were just starting, and then made a bolt for the carriage, opened the door, and nipped in beside 'im.

"'Sorry to intrude, guv'nor,' I said, 'seeing that this is a fust-class carriage. But I were late, and I 'ad to nip in or I'd 'ave lost the train.'

"'E were a polite old chap, and 'e smiled and said as 'e were glad I was in time. Then 'e started reading the paper. I 'ad a good look at 'im, and then I stood up as though I were changing my seat, and, with my back to 'im, I poured some chloroform on the wipe I'd got 'andy. I ain't what you'd call a religious man as a rule, but I couldn't 'elp putting up a little prayer for success; and then, before the old gent knew wot was 'appening, I 'ad 'im by the throat with one 'and, and pressed the wipe over 'is mouth. It couldn't 'ave been neater done; and if the man as wrote that play 'ad known wot 'e was talking 'bout, I'd 'ave been as right as ninepence. But 'e didn't! 'E were a fool or a liar or both. I 'eld the old chap for about 'arf a minute, and as 'e were black in the face I thought as 'e'd 'ad enough chloroform and let go of 'is throat so as I could grab 'is watch. That's where the happlication of science failed some 'ow. The moment I let 'im go, 'e began to swear something 'orrid and hacked me on the shins. I let 'im 'ave it good then, and we 'ad a fine old scrap all over the carriage. Going through Acton station, whilst we were struggling, the old chap got 'is foot through the window and started cursing again when 'e felt the glass cut 'im. For a respectable man, 'e'd a wonderful flow of language. I punched him over the jaw, and then got 'im under me on the seat; and seeing as 'e 'adn't 'ad enough chloroform, I pressed the wipe over 'is trap again and 'eld on good, waiting for it to act. Then, as luck would 'ave it, the stopper came out of the bottle, and we was both soaked with it, me and 'im. It burnt like fire, too, and the smell of it was 'orrid. Soon the old gent began to sing and to kick 'is legs abaht something wonderful. I was feeling a bit jolly myself; and 'earing 'im singing, I joined in with 'im, shouting very loud so as to drown 'is voice, which were beginning to worry me. And then I 'ad a wonderful dream, seeing a table before me with pints and pints of ale on it; and I were just starting the fust glass when someone shook me by the arm, and I awoke to find myself lying on the platform at Westbourne Park Station, with a copper bending over me and looking kindly down into my face.

"Near by I 'eard singing, and when I turned I seed the old gentleman coming gradual to 'isself. I tried to get up then, but it were no use; my leg were broke. When the old gent did come to 'isself, 'e told them what 'ad 'appened. And that copper's kindly smile broadened wonderful at the prospect of a bit of work. 'E looked as though 'e were that fond of me, wouldn't let me go at any price.

"'Get the ambulance,' 'e says to a pal. 'We'll take 'im to the 'orspital.'

"Wot Bob 'ad told me 'ad given me a sickener of 'orspitals, and I begged 'ard to go to jail instead. But it were no use. They took me to the 'orspital and giv me more chloroform. You'd 'a' thought I'd 'ad enough. A month after, at the police-court, they give me six months' 'ard. That's wot came of the happlication of science. That's all as I knows abaht chloroform. And if you was to ask me, I should say as the bloke wot wrote that silly play should 'ave done that little bit of time instead of me."

He finished his beer gloomily. It was evident that he regarded himself as an ill-used man—a martyr to science. I did not contradict him.

THE END.

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WORLD'S WHISPERS

NOVEMBER will be in a special sense a royal month. It opens with the King's birthday celebrations at Sandringham, which are to be on a more elaborate scale than usual, and the middle of the month will see the arrival, on a State visit, of the new King and Queen of Sweden. Their Swedish Majesties' presence will be good for London trade, for a brilliant series of entertainments will be given in their honour, and several great houses will be opened, at least one ducal ball being given for the royal visitors. The Queen of Sweden, who is a first-cousin of the German Emperor, is, after the Queen of Denmark, the wealthiest of those ladies who owe their crowns to their consorts. She was named Victoria after her aunt, the late Empress Frederick, and she is, of course, a good English scholar.

An Imperial Nun. The news that the Grand Duchess Serge, who is certainly the loveliest of royal and imperial widows, is about to enter a nunnery of the Greek Church will be a grief to many of her devoted relations. Her Imperial Highness was as a girl much at the



AN IMPERIAL NUN: THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE.

The Grand Duchess is to enter a nunnery of the Greek Church. It was rumoured some time ago that she was to make a second marriage, but this is obviously not to be the case.

* Photograph by Otto.

English Court, for Queen Victoria regarded the motherless daughters of the late Princess Alice with particular affection. It is an open secret that at one time the German Emperor was ardently desirous of wedding his lovely first cousin, but Princess Elizabeth of Hesse preferred the young Russian Grand Duke, who, it is said, fell in love with her at first sight during a brief visit to Darmstadt. The Grand Duchess never had any children, but she adopted the son and daughter of her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Paul, immediately on the death of his wife, and these two young people acted with her as chief mourners at the funeral of the Grand Duke Serge, whose awful death by a bomb is still vividly remembered.



DENMARK'S NAUGHTY PRINCE: PRINCE KNUD.

An amusing story is being told in the Danish newspapers concerning little Prince Knud, son of the Crown Prince. Recently a dispute arose between his nurse and himself as to whether he should or should not take a bath. The argument culminated in a sponge being thrown in the nurse's face, and the royal mamma being sent for in hot haste. She decided that Knud was in the wrong, and sent him himself to fetch the cane with which she must beat him. He departed, and after some time came back again. "I can't find the stick," he explained politely, "but here are two stones that you can throw at me."

New to the Cabinet. It cannot often have happened that two brothers have sat, the one in a Liberal, the other in a Conservative, Cabinet within three years of one another. This pleasant fate has, however, befallen Lord Lansdowne and Lord Fitzmaurice. The latest addition to Mr. Asquith's Cabinet enjoys literary as well as political fame. In the days when he was still Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice his many friends regarded him as a scholar rather than as a statesman; but, as a matter of fact, he has been connected with the House of Commons exactly forty years, and his remarkable Biography of the late Lord Granville proved his intimate knowledge of politics, and especially of foreign affairs. Lord Fitzmaurice is an old Etonian, and at Cambridge his prowess as a footballer is still remembered by many of the older Fellows. There was one long interregnum when the new Cabinet Minister was out of Parliament, and it was then that he wrote several delightful biographical works, including a brilliant short account of Charles, Duke of Brunswick.

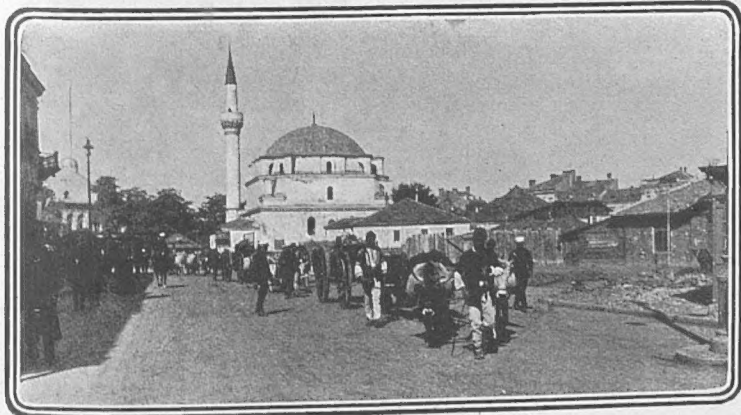
An Important Engagement. The latest engagement is of peculiar interest to their Majesties' home circle, for the bride-elect, Miss Alexandra Hervey, is not only a god-daughter of the Queen, but she spent her childhood and early youth at Sandringham, where her father, Canon Hervey, was the popular and much-respected rector. Canon Hervey was associated with most of the domestic events of our King and Queen's married life; it was under his kindly guidance that the Princes and Princesses were prepared for confirmation, and he and his family were on terms of the closest friendship with the royal owners of Sandringham Hall. Miss Hervey's future husband, Sir Walter Chaytor, not long ago succeeded his brother as fifth Baronet; he was in the Navy for some years, and is the owner of two delightful places, the one near Darlington, and the other in County Durham.



SERVIA IN LONDON: M. SLAVKO Y GROUITCH.

M. Grouitch is the Secretary of the Servian Embassy in London, and, in company with most other diplomatic Servians, has been experiencing a good many anxious moments of late.

Photograph by Sebah and Joallier.



KING FERDINAND'S OX-DRAWN ARTILLERY: BIG GUNS IN THE STREETS OF SOFIA.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE 1908 season of Promenade Concerts will come to an end on Saturday night next, and, looking back on the performances that started in August last and have delighted large audiences on six nights out of seven since then, all must acknowledge that they have been of splendid quality. It is impossible to satisfy everybody, and doubtless the regular frequenters who are serious musicians or devoted music-lovers may feel occasion to regret the constant repetition of numbers that have no suggestion of novelty; but it is obvious that these concerts, like most others, must be run on business lines, and that many people whose opportunities of hearing music are small deliberately choose the evenings on which the programme holds familiar items. They know what they like, and have not sufficient opportunity of indulging their tastes to risk disappointment with anything they have not heard before. Slowly but surely the standard of Promenade programmes is being raised, and the music that would have been reckoned dangerously unpopular only a few years ago is now quite a safe attraction. The standard of the solo performances is also higher than it was, particularly among the instrumentalists; and, although the claims of the great provincial festivals have intervened on several occasions to take Mr. Henry Wood and his orchestra from town, the New Symphony players have shown that they are quite competent to attract and hold a cultured audience.

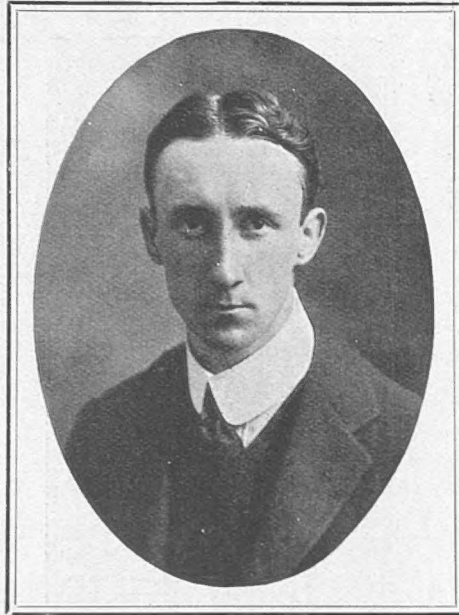
The Concert Goers' Club, that excellent and rising institution, of which the Lord Chief Justice is President, and many distinguished musicians are Vice-Presidents, is about to resume its activities, and, judging by the evening entertainments already arranged, members of the Club have no reason to be dissatisfied with their Executive Committee. Mr. Arthur Herve, who lately retired from the position of chief musical critic on the *Morning Post*, and is the composer of some very delightful music, is to deliver an address on "The Work of Modern French Composers," a subject upon which he is as great an authority as any man in England. His voice has long been raised in protest against the comparative neglect of French music in this country. Another evening that should attract members and their friends will be devoted to a discussion of "The Place of the Brass in the Orchestra." Mr. Henry Wood is in charge of the evening, and his address will be illustrated by members of the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra. Another evening will be devoted to "Modern British Music." As far as the place of the brass in the orchestra is concerned, we have very decided opinions that it should not be in front. Most conductors see to this, but the writer remembers the occasion of his first visit to one of the Sousa concerts, his first and last visit, to be exact. It may be remembered that these concerts were given at the Empire Theatre, and the writer had arranged to take with him the distinguished artist whose

name has been so intimately associated with that house in the past ten years. The seats were in the front row of the stalls, and had hardly been occupied when all the gentlemen with trombones came solemnly to the front of the stage, ranged themselves on a row of chairs immediately behind the footlights, and started to play something apparently written in Bedlam for as many trombone-players as can be persuaded to take part in it. When it was all over, an exchange of opinions revealed the fact that two at least of the audience had wished to run right away, and that each had stayed for fear of embarrassing the other.

Mr. Alfred Spalding—the young violinist who has just given two recitals in London before his departure for America, where he will make his debut in New York with Walter Damrosch and his orchestra—has been touring Italy with that delightful pianist Raoul Pugno, and he is now to take part in seventy concerts across the Atlantic, for which, says his manager, he will receive some fourteen thousand pounds in fees. Mr. Spalding is one of Fortune's favourites, but his is not altogether a success of genius. Splendid tuition, exceptional opportunities, a pleasing personality, a magnificent violin, and a fair talent are his equipments; he is not, and in the writer's opinion never will be, one of the great violinists. His readings are straightforward and fluent enough, but they do not reveal the heights and depths of masterpieces; there is nothing especially illuminating—in short, the playing, for all its undoubted qualities, leaves some, at least, among us quite unmoved. Happily, time is on the player's side: his style and feeling may mature.

Miss Ellen Beck, who has given a recital at the Aeolian Hall, is a Court singer to the King of Denmark, and it will be remembered that she took part in the memorial concert given at the Queen's Hall when Edvard Grieg died. Miss Beck has a fine and well-trained voice, and the command of some half-a-dozen languages. She has studied long and devotedly, but, unfortunately, the results of her study are a little too apparent. Her deliberation suggests that there is too much close reasoning in her method. She has laboured her effects until she has forgotten that spontaneity is a quality that counts for much on the concert platform. There are times when the singer suggests that she has mastered a very difficult lesson exceedingly well, rather than that she is interpreting a masterpiece that appeals to her irresistibly.

Miss Violet Defries, who announces a vocal recital on Nov. 3 at Broadwood's, in Conduit Street, has already acquired some reputation as a reciter, and, if the writer is not mistaken, has also played the violin in public. She will present an attractive programme, and will be assisted by Signor Lorenzo Valenti. COMMON CHORD.



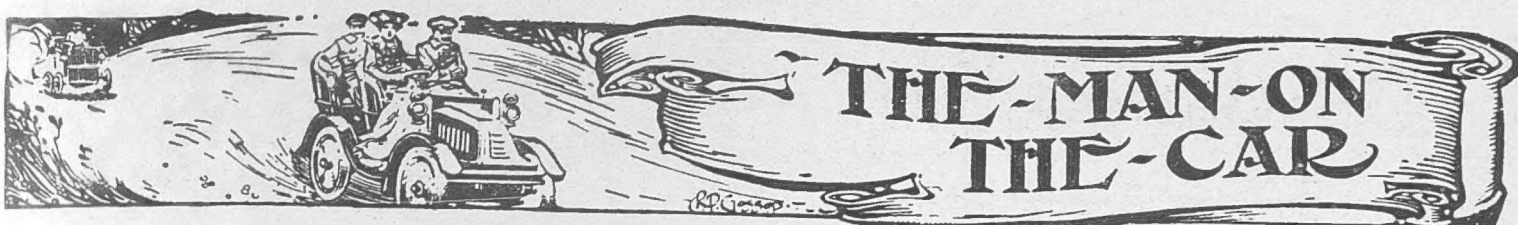
A NEW AND PROMISING BASS:
MR. CHARLES NORMAND.

Mr. Normand, who is studying for grand opera under Victor Maurel, gave his first concert at the Bechstein Hall recently, and was received with a good deal of favour.



FROM THE ARMY TO THE CONCERT-PLATFORM: MR. THEODORE BYARD.

Mr. Byard, who gave a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall the other day, before his departure for a lengthy tour in the East, is well known in Society. Before he became a professional vocalist he was in the Army.



THE 12-14-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE: A PHENOMENAL SMALL ONE—KNIGHT ON THE SILENT KNIGHT—HOTELS AND HOT FOOD—ENGINE REVOLUTIONS AND SPEED-CHANGING—THE THREE-RIBBED CONTINENTAL—THE CITY FATHERS AND A SPEED-LIMIT.

WHAT was quite a phenomenal performance for a small car has received but little notice from the majority of the motor journals and those who provide the columns of the motor pabulum for the general public in daily Press. I refer to the excellent display made by the little 12-14-h.p. Straker-Squire car at Brooklands recently in the Fifth All-Comers' Handicap Sweepstakes. The distance was some $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles, and the midget car under review received but 2 min. 32 2-5 sec. start from the scratch car, Mr. F. R. Fry's Mercédès, driven by Resta. The Straker-Squire qualified for the final by finishing third in the second heat, a little more than 100 yards behind Mr. W. Joehm's 48.6 h.p. Mercédès. In the final heat this speedy small car finished second to the Cannstatt production, from which it received but one poor minute's start. The speed of the 12-14-h.p. Straker-Squire was hard on sixty miles per hour for the full distance—a marvellous rate of progression for a car of this calibre. I first saw this car at the Dublin Show, when it was dubbed the Shamrock, and even so early formed a high opinion of its design, material, and workmanship.

On Thursday night last the inventor of the Silent Knight engine, Mr. Knight, read a descriptive paper on the valveless engine, which is the distinctive title Mr. Knight and the Daimler Company appear to have bestowed upon their mechanical darling. I have no doubt but that representatives of the whole automobile industry crowded to hear it, for although the mechanical details of this motor have been made plain as a pikestaff before the world, much remained to be told of the tests and experiences which led up to the Daimler Company's adoption of it, and the abandonment of forced lubrication to the valve-sleeves. The critics have long been out with condemnatory criticism, based, of course, upon theory and theory alone; but as the Daimler Company have had all the practice, they may be relied upon to be on the right side of the fence. This approach of internal-combustion engine-design to steam-engine practice appears to have moved some of the steam-engine enthusiasts to the depths.

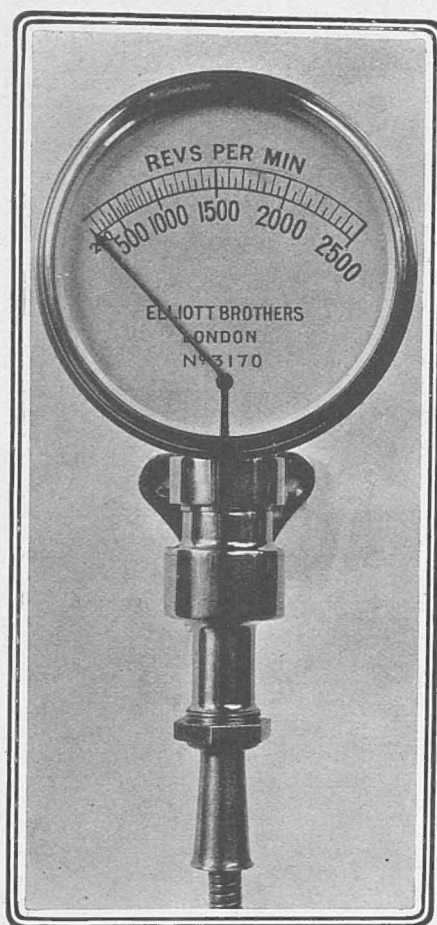
Complaint is made by a motor scribe that, passing through a certain sleepy county town one Saturday lately about the hour when one's cupboard calls for lunch, he essayed the three principal hotels there for hot lunch, to be met with the reply that cold food only was possible. This lunch-defrauded writer then goes on to make a suggestion, with which I heartily concur, and which I would that those responsible for the R.A.C. Handbook, the Michelin, and the Continental

touring-guides could see their way to adopt. It is proposed that lettering of some sort or other, which would suggest the possibility of hot lunch upon any certain or upon all days, at a specified time, should appear after the name of the recommended hotel. Provided with one of the above most useful guides, the hot-lunch-seeking motorist would not draw blank over and over again, or waste time in towns where hot lunches were not.

Those well-known mathematical instrument makers, Messrs. Elliott Brothers, of 36, Leicester Square, whose speed-indicating, distance and trip recording apparatus has now obtained so large a use amongst motorists, have just brought out another interesting instrument, which promises equal popularity and usefulness. This is a revolution-counter, which takes the form of their speed-indicator as to dial, but which is connected up to the engine to show the number of revolutions per minute which the car-engine is making at any time. In addition to being a source of continual interest to the intelligent driver, the indications of the counter will form an invaluable aid to the judgment in changing speed.

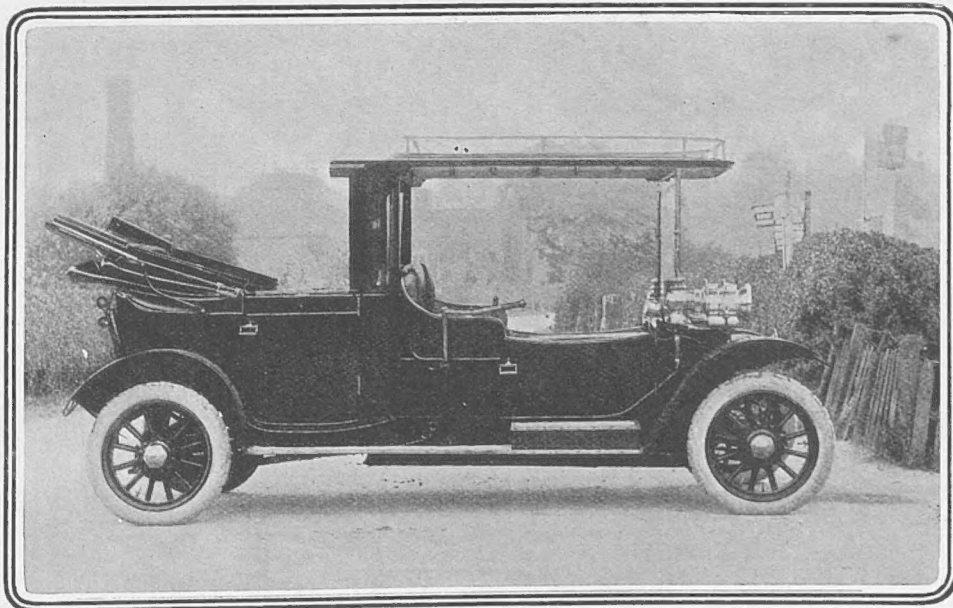
There is little doubt that the expensive steel-studded non-skid cover is a brutal thing, in more ways than one, and if the tyre-manufacturers can only come to our rescue and give us something which will keep a car on an even keel over slippery roads while not breaking up the metal surface of the highway, they will most assuredly do the State some service. Now, I think it may be taken for granted that something very near the thing desired is to hand in the Continental Tyre Company's "three-ribber," a new cover formed with three wide, circumferential ridges, with well-sunken grooves between, which should give an irresistible lateral grip of the road. This new tread has, I understand, been subjected to very severe tests on heavy vehicles, and has emerged triumphant. It may, then, be ordered with confidence.

The City Fathers are clamouring for summary powers to deal with motor traffic within the historic square mile. I presume that the imposition of a ridiculous speed-limit is what is uppermost in the minds of these venerable people. The ædiles of a city like London, a populous and a smoky city, should realise that to impose a speed-limit on self-propelled traffic within these boundaries will dam up that traffic, and so arrest the circulation, which the directing policeman tells Royal Commissions he is always trying to speed up. Given their speed-limit, the last state of these City Fathers and their traffic would without doubt be worse than the first.



AN INSTRUMENT THAT RECORDS THE SPEED OF ENGINES.

This instrument, which is the work of Messrs. Elliott Brothers, the well-known manufacturers of mathematical instruments, enables the speed of the engines of air-ships, launches, motor-cars, and so forth to be seen at a glance. It registers the number of revolutions made per minute by any engine.



THE MASON-JAM'S NEW CAR: PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S SIX-CYLINDER 28-H.P. LANCHESTER. When the Jam Sahib—who, by the way, has just become a Mason—returns to Nawanagar he will take this new car with him.